

A typical editorial and a very simple one to write would denounce the students for their apathy. However, the apathy in this school is a result of the crushing blows students have recieved when their enthusiasm flourished Last spring when I showed interest in picking up the newspaper from where it had fallen, some of my close friends said it was only freshmen enthusiasm. I couldn't believe these kids were apathetic. I was shocked! When I asked why they were this way they said, "Well, we were interested freshmen year. But you have to run into a few brick walls to learn that enthusiasm is folly in this school!"

Well, the staff is hoping to hedge these brick walls and keep the newspaper alive. Why should we succeed where others have failed? No reason...but we can try. You may say "Ah, but they will learn to cool their enthusiasm!" Why not help us and keep our enthusiasm at its peak? Give us a try, If you don't like our efforts suggest things. Please...don't just sit there and say the newspaper stinks. With help, each issue could be better than the last. We're trying...give us a try?

Susan Berube

on phlegmaticism

What is passivity? A tremor of intellectuality? No! It's a group of pessimists interested in the pronunciation of their own paralysis. What kind of stimulation affords a reward great enough to motivate the passivist to voice his convulsion? These minority groups muster into parties which perpetrate "universal needs".

Who's to say what is universal? A Bachelor of Fine Art Degree is not an education, it is a beginning. And it is necessary for each of us to further our cognizance by experience from, contact with, and integration with a world outside our own existence.

It is the purpose of this newspaper to search out passivity and to enlighten the minds and aid those who wish to voice their disturbances.

Judy Dandor
Editor



COMMON SENSE (OR SOME PEOPLE HAVE TO BE SHOWN)

Certain instructors of this institution maintain a depressing passivity and a generally unconcerned attitude. These feelings are an annual phenomena which are "usually brushed behind new layers of wall paint". This year, however, these feelings and attitudes must be given active attention.

The first two years at Mass. Art are filled with constant drilling and practice of the fundamentals.

These must be understood and accepted before a knowledgeable opinion concerning fine and applied art can be offered.

The subsequent two years continue to use these fundamentals, but desire and necessity require that thought levels and awareness be elevated and extended to provoke imaginative thought and full creative expression of the individual. Shallowness of thought, lack of application, and general indifference are the conditions under which we are expected to work. These particular classes have no possible significance and result in a situation that can only be described as one of banality. They restrict any expansion of thought response due to either inadequacy on the part of the instructor or his unwillingness to project his thoughts to any extensive degree.

Imputatious

FINANCIAL AID INFORMATION

During the last few weeks I have been talking about student financial aid with a number of different students.

It occurred to me that student aid is a subject which continuously bears repeating.

We participate in two federal programs which students should be aware of. The National Defense Student Loan Program allows students to borrow money with 3% interest beginning nine months after graduation. There is also a loan cancellation provision of 10% per year for five years for graduates who go into the teaching profession.

We also participate in the Educational Opportunity Grant Program. This program provides grants to students who have serious financial need. The minimum grant is \$200.00 the maximum is \$800.00.

In both of these programs, the amount of money loaned or granted is limited by the total amount of funds made available to this college each year by the Federal Government.

Two other programs worth knowing about are the Board of Education Scholarship Program, and the Higher Education Loan Program.

The Board of Higher Education Scholarships are intended for needy and academically worthy full time students attending any regional accredited institution. Applications can be obtained here at this institution and must be filed by May 15th of each year. Scholarships are awarded in the summer and are paid directly to the institution where the students are enrolled.

The Higher Education Loan Program is administered directly by local banks throughout the Commonwealth. Up to \$1,000.00 per year may be borrowed with replacement of the principle beginning after graduation at 3% interest to be paid by the student. Inquiry about the H.E.L.P. should be made at the student's local bank.

The Massachusetts College of Art also has a Scholarship Program. Application should be made to the college by interested students each spring for the following school year. Students applying for admission as Freshman are not eligible.

Students who want to discuss their financial aid situation are welcome to see me at any time.

Richard Marrs
Public Relations

IN GOOD WILL

I believe that most of you will agree with my pleas to the college on the whole to affix their literary wings and swoop into fiction and poetry, or what-have-you. There is a good deal more talent in the school than the half a dozen regular contributors to the school newspaper.

You may wonder why people write at all. Why should you attempt fiction? One of the more scoffed motives, I suppose, is to see one's name in print. I don't feel, however, that our writers work hard only to gaze at names they already know adequately. A more workable possibility is that our writers like to see what they can do with their plastic characters; What shapes can be molded? What ideas can be personified?

It gives a person a feeling of power to be able to manipulate characters and imagine situations, to glimpse life through the puppetlike world of creative writing.

An experience that is accurately recorded or sensitively imagined is a real imitation of life, and through the treatment of experience the author is free to play with the lows, hates, and the feelings of a representative reader. If the author is sincere he stands to profit a great deal in his capacity as the telescopic face in man's experience.

A passive moment, an insignificant event, when recorded gives a still life that no photograph or painting can hope to reproduce. There is no one in this school who does not live a meaningful experience each day. Try to set the experience down on paper, or even try to imagine an experience that would have meaning to you.

I think that you will feel, if you do achieve a good imitation of life through fiction, a feeling of satisfaction that can only come through real creation. If you succeed only in creating a living moment, you will have an equal portion of understanding, perhaps a new relationship with life itself.

Mark Ankeles

②

Voted by Faculty - No applications.

black

black; the association to the absence of light.

white; the association to the presence of light.

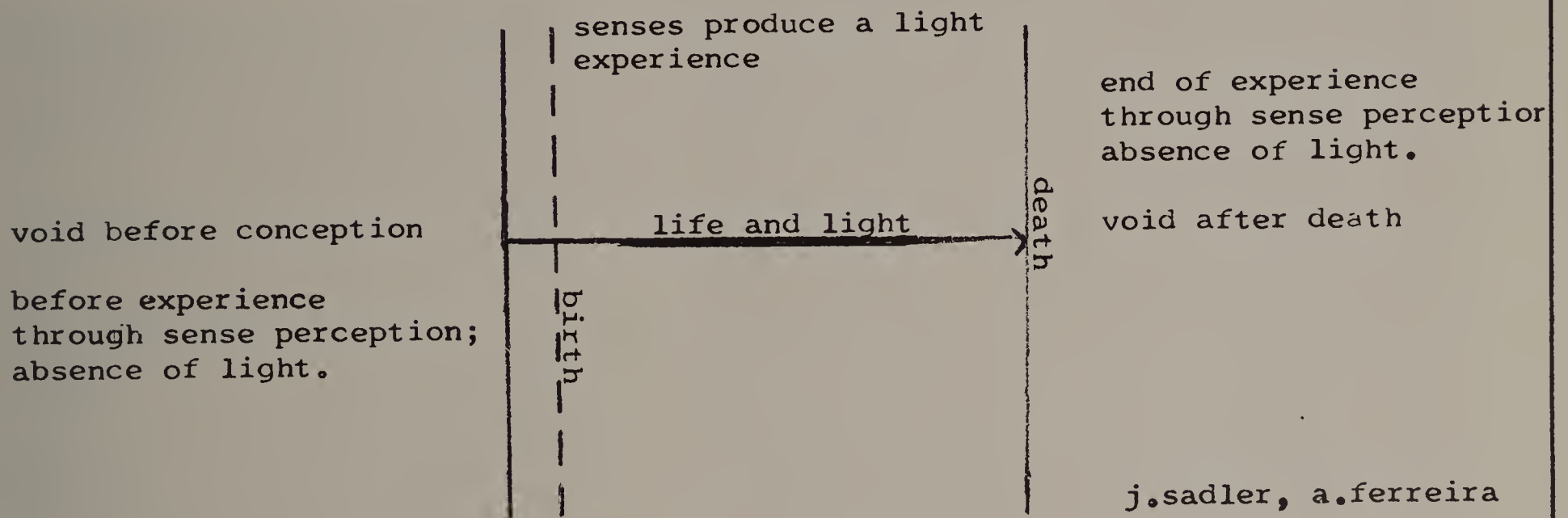
light; colorless matter being seen only in conjunction with other matter.

blackness; the lack of the matter, light,
preventing our seeing other matter.

eyes; the visual organs.

light; the stimulus for the eyes.

eyes-light; visual perception of the world.



absence of light associated with the absence of life.

thoughts of absence of light produces fear of absence of life.

black; the association to the absence of light.

black produces fear.

BLACK!

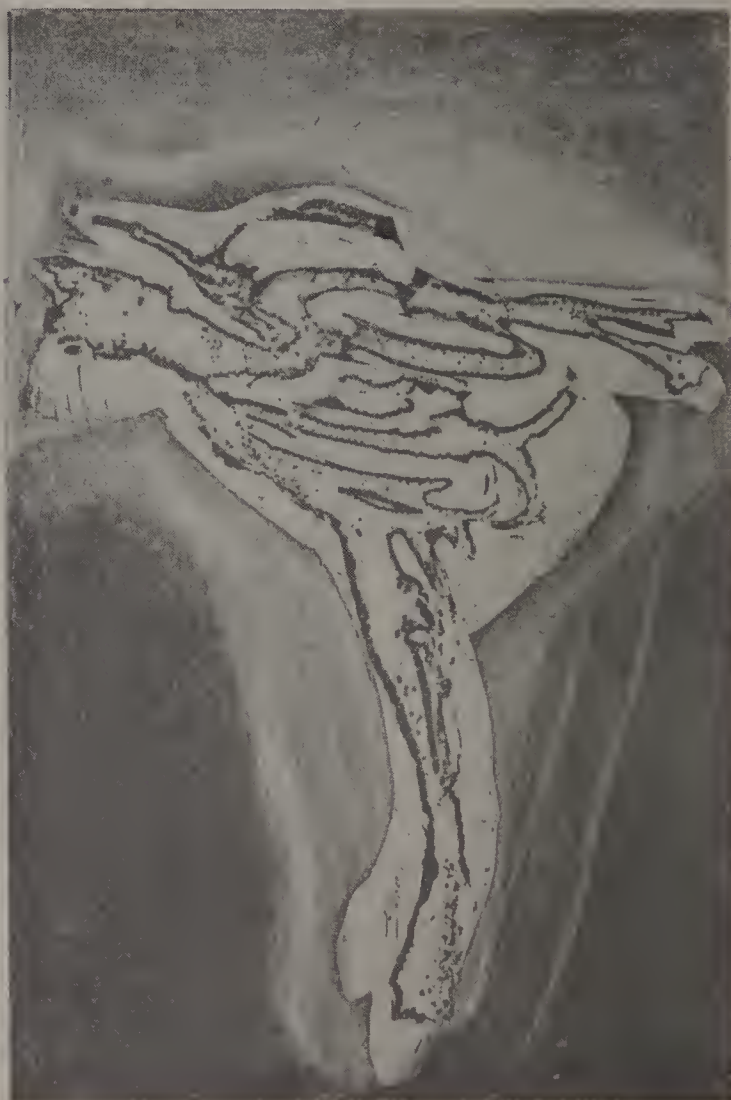
Patricia Cronin
13" X 15"



Donald Sullivan
4" X 6"



Carol Swartz
4x6"





my-o-pla \mī-'ō-pē-ə\ n [NL, fr. Gk *myōpia*, fr. *myōp-*, *myōps*]
 1 : a condition in which the visual images come to a focus in front
 of the retina of the eye resulting esp. in defective vision of distant
 objects 2 : deficiency of foresight or discernment — my-o-plc
 \-'ō-plk, -'āp-ik\ adj — my-o-pi-cal-ly \-(ə-)lē\ adv

Webster's
 seventh new
 Collegiate
 Dictionary

and of course this column is therapy. for me.
 and maybe for you. because i fear we all suffer
 (a little less than we should, perhaps), from
 a touch of this malady, if not literally, perhaps
 spiritually. focus your eyes. look around you.
 and tell me what you see. whatever it is may be
 right or wrong. but then it only may be.

maybe it's something else. wouldn't that be
 nice? then it is.

distant objects need not be far away. they
 might be so close that they are out of sight.
 maybe instead of raising the retina/bridge, you
 should try lowering the old brain/river. and
 maybe not. but water will seek its own level.

a lot of people can speak cryptically. and
 a lot of people can think cryptically in response. but then you can't
 fool all of the people all of the time, too.(that is, at the same time).

right?

am i? i say i am. not i but I. I and eye and theoretically, i to
 eye. but. (and then) BUT, i say. and the BUT is boring. BUT has been
 said, been asked, been contemplated, in all times and spaces. and with
 no answers. so no BUTs. no matter. let it suffice it to say i.

and now, Play Time:

har vee near el kus zoom onclature slip is showing.

or

ass cid you us lee ping o phon ic on e scope.

or

Awe gust m otis opera n deez e to tally ter mine nate lee are me get on.

or

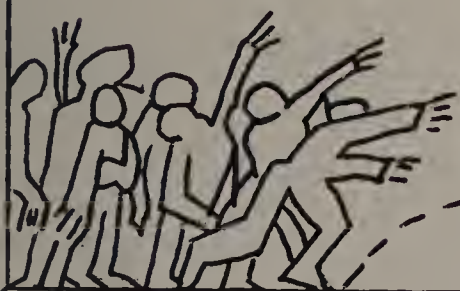
high phon ate tum ult u us sing you liar round n wait.

or

lettice see fect opla zum bat Al ion os fear drum còke cain eyen ez peirce

or

U betcha cha coal mine o tar nish show meter minal ment.



Pain ter ectum
 me. *tate*



! CONSCIENTIOUS

Occupying the rooms of C5 and C7 is the group known as the Junior Painters. With our tons of equipment and canvases we each occupy a small area which we call home. This is the crowded tenement; where we live on the smell of paint. Our greedy hands clutch our brushes with a fierce determination to create our personal masterpiece. How often we succeed, well... that's another matter. Unfortunately, time is of the essence and often our drive is fought by minutes, hours and days. Unlike many other departments we have no afternoons or mornings off.

If we had more time to paint after school hours (we're sure such a request is not unreasonable) much more could be accomplished. How many times have you had to leave in the middle of something important? How often do you carry heavy equipment home although you only need it for ten or fifteen minutes? And home is not the best place in the world for accomplishing work. The temptations of the television, friends

meals, parents, the crowded two-by-two flat spot at home persuade you to indulge in sin, then cut a class the next day because you have not finished your work.

But a working environment, a whole school devoted to us, student artists, should be open for us to work at least a few hours a week. Let's all join in getting a new program of opening the doors to us during a few evenings to carry on our work and ideas.

Conscientious
Junior Painter

ahriman!!!!

You people think you have a population explosion? You should visit my sphere. Let me introduce myself. I am Ahriman, a mystery to you earthlings, so I won't try to explain myself away, for you would not yet understand. But, then, I don't fully understand you either, although I do know much more about you than you know about me.

I remember especially well the year 140,639 when I met your Emotion and Imagination families. I think you people called it the Eighteenth Century or the Enlightenment or was it the Augustan Age? Ah, Caesar Augustus, how well I remember...but that's another story. What a time that year was. The little one called Joy was quite something. She didn't have to tell me what feelings are; she showed me. Then that naughty sister of hers would appear, Tears, her name was. They'd keep me going from one extreme to the other. Perhaps it's my age, but I do admit they kept me pretty much tired out, or, as you would say, wrung out.

The only relief I would get from those two scamps was with the Imagination family. What tales of horror, or gay stories of lovers they would tell, or about deeds of knights, not to mention the fairies they would sneak in for fun! Somehow, by bringing togetherness and happiness, laughter and tears, they made it seem all worthwhile. I didn't mind the strain; as a matter of fact, I rather enjoyed it. And I had never known what it was to enjoy before.

Then, along came what you called Romanticism, and you petitioned me to send back both the Emotion and the Imagination families. I wasn't going to do it, they too appealed to me but; I had to relent and gave them up to you. What you sent in return was Reason. He's a puzzlement even to me. He spouted on and on about Love and Hate, about War and Peace, about such of his progeny as Loyalty, Brotherhood, Mercy, Morality, Faith, Hope, Charity.. I can't remember them all. He gave me fact on top of fact, but I felt nothing, only a slight spinning of my

continued on page 11.

DRACULA

The Drama Club of Mass. Art has forged ahead with many plans and some support. Work has fallen on the shoulders of a select few, but many more workers are needed. We ask not for actors so much as people willing to do a few posters or help paint scenery. Girls are needed to collect admissions. Certainly Drama is one thing which should be supported at this college.

Our first production this year is DRACULA, a new version of an old horror story. It is being presented on Friday December 1, at 8:00 p.m. A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE is being planned for presentation in the spring.

If some of you anonymous writers in this school would submit plays to Mr. Kelleher, we would be happy to read, criticize, and maybe even produce one of your masterpieces.

We ask support of all to at least come to our play, since if the first is a success, we will gain the financial backing we need.

Thank You,
The Drama Club

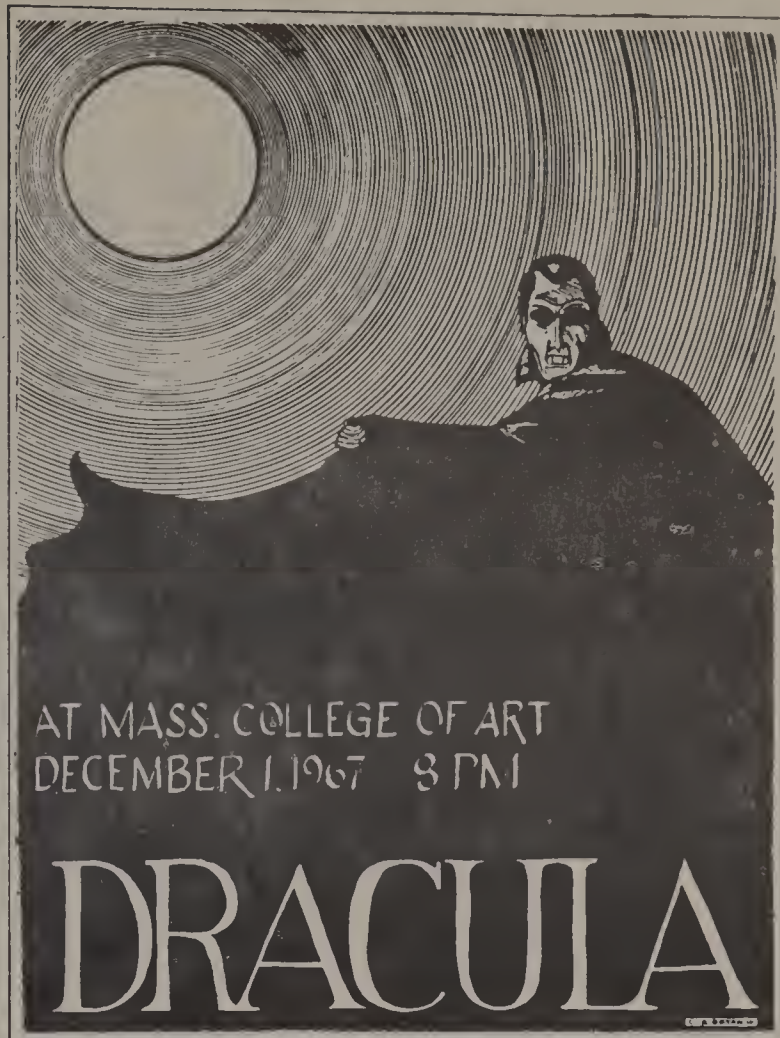
Charlie came home with a tear in his eye. His baby sister had been caught by a spying plastic bag and now lay on the seashore in a Dither. Now he would have to burn the candle again into the early hours of the morning and the smell of the wax denied him sleep.

The Snake asked Charlie what he really cared about his sister in the mornings any way and Charlie had to say he did not know. If we are delayed by such perdition much longer I do not know if we shall arrive in one piece or not at the pearly gate.

The time grows short and the road is long. Narrow the path and straight is the gate to lead to: the Kingdom.

tate billings.

If anybody asks you if it's easy to forget, say it's easily done, you just pick anyone and pretend that you've never met. Robert Dylan



AT MASS. COLLEGE OF ART
DECEMBER 1, 1967 8 PM

DRACULA

I am a publicity
An Art nouveau
Quite thoroughly defined
but not yet defined

Judy Dandor

PERCEPTUS

Hark!! All ye students and faculty members of Mass. Art, it is the expressed desire of the Junior Class to sponsor an Arts Festival entitled PERCEPTUS in the spring season in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-eight.

In doing so, support is needed by all in the form of ye olde class dues for the Jrs. and ye olde student heave..ho! If such support is nay to be given twill not be possible to carry on such a program. We now await final approval which nay will come 'til some positive form of support hast been shown.

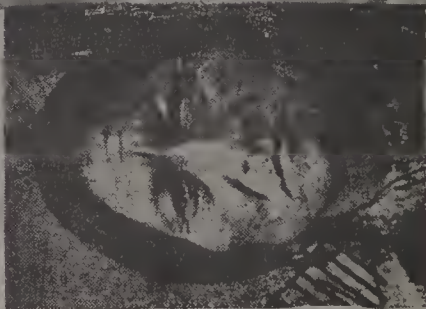
'Tis possible for all Jrs. to win a Sir Bumbeck print for the trivial amount of 1 lb. 5 shillings 8pence (ye olde class dues five dollars).

Robert Barsamian
President of
class of 1969

dandor jim stamatelos bill lapete laurel barney larry kirby wendy hall aleta goldstein

SAVING PINK PANTS & SKIN

West, there are probably a few
figures that show two cold-blooded killers
just as bad as the Kid. Even with Fast Hickory
is a story at the moment he was
Deadwood saloon.
The world love not a bad man
? But what that the Horatio
stop



General Custer



Stamachos - 10/12/66



butler thomas burke

Love is that which never becomes anything else.

(Edifying Discourses)
Kierkegaard

THE RECOGNITION

OF A FACT

Light...blackness...light...
blackness...light...blackness...light...
blackness...light...blackness...light...

Twenty times per second, again and again, Two blades swing down across, a gate and out of the light, then back again emitting a rapid succession of flashes, before the gate a strip of celluloid gripped by two steel sprockets is whisked forward, stopped..

Forward...stopped..forward...
stopped..forward...stopped..forward...
stopped.....on and on, again and again, at the rate of twenty-four times per second, hour after hour, a fantastic mechanical achievement.

And with this rapid succession of flashed and stops, action, combined with the phenomenon known as the persistence of vision we have what is known as the motion picture.

This mechanical marvel has come a long way since its relatively recent birth, and yet only now is it beginning to be recognized as the most unlimited medium for expression that it is.

Many, a painter of today, confronted with doubt and perplexed on finding himself involved in a medium that seems to be losing significance in a fast-moving, highly mechanical society, has replaced his brushes, paints, etching tools and with film.

The film, now has become synonymous with painting and drawing and is recognized as another facet of two-dimensional design. The film then should be brought into the art school curriculum and perhaps studied as completely as one studies English Literature. Exposure to the Films is as important to any aspiring artist, as is exposure to other two-dimensional medium.

And that is what the S.A. Film series is all about. Films are to be shown each week, on Thursday in the Auditorium. Sure, some of them are not so good, but most of them will be found very exciting. Please come!

Joseph Connolly

naea

At a recent meeting of the Mass. Art chapter of the National Art Education Association, the following people were elected to the Executive Board:

John Costello-69 -President
Larry Frates-70 -Vice-President
Susanne Taylor-68 -Treasure
-Secretary
Elaine Lally-68 -Correspondent

The NAEA is a national professional art teacher's organization whose membership comprises not only practicing art teachers but also students who are intending to teach art. College chapters are designed to bring to the student current information regarding trends, research, and methods, also to provide involvement with their intended future career.

Elaine Lally

SCHEDULE FOR S.A. FILM SERIES

Thursday November 30:12:25

The Surrealistic Image

Thursday December 7:12:25

Potemkin by Einstein

Friday December 8 :

Einstein

Thursday December 14:12:25

Man of Aran

Thursday January 11:12:25

Hollywood, The Golden Tears

Thursday January 25:12:25

Friday January 26: 11:10

The Cranes are Flying

in two parts

Thursday February 1 : 12:25

The Colt

Thursday February 8:12:25

The Dramatic Cinema

Thursday February 15 :12:25

The Dance of Martha Graham

Thursday February 29:12:25

Life Through Cinema

Thursday March 7:12:25

Animated Action

Thursday March 14:12:25

Friday March 15 :11:00

Animal Farm

Thursday March 21:12:25

A Film Surprise

don't miss this show

Thursday March 28 :12:25

Nobody Waved Good-bye

AHRIMAN SPEAKS:

head. I didn't enjoy him at all and never really did know what he was talking about. When you asked for him back, I was not at all sorry to get rid of the garrulous creature. Too bad you never sent back the two other families; I still miss them.

What you did send, I think it was in what you call the Twentieth Century, was some of those ideas, or concepts, or whatever it was Reason called them. And that's what I mean about a population explosion. I don't know what to do with them anymore than you do. There's Love, (a gorgeous thing) but she doesn't make me feel like that sweet emotional Love did. Occasionally she goes....you see I don't really care what she does.... to places like Haight-Ashbury on your sphere. But she seems unhappy with these visits; perhaps she's not too welcome on your sphere. She keeps complaining that something called Hate and Fear annoy her so she can't operate. Brotherhood, too, shuttles back and forth between my kingdom and places such as the Peace Corps. He always comes back complaining bitterly that Greed, Pride, and Egotism defeat his purpose. And poor Charity...she's the only one that makes me feel...claims that Hypocrisy makes her obsolete.

I could go on and on, but the biggest enigma is God. You sent him to me a while back, and he refuses to stay. He says that without him nothing else can matter. He says that ever since Reason began to work in cahoots with Science, he's lost control of Morality, Faith, Hope, Mercy, all the beings that are bothering me now. And Beauty; she doesn't even know where she is! Ever since the arts became analytical, dissecting, logical, like the Master, Science, she's disappeared. She was his voice; through her he was able to tell you about the meaning of your sphere and to show you glimpses of your future, for the people who dealt with her were always prophets. Not that inventions are not useful, but are they always beautiful? I hear about automobiles, telephones, computers, all kinds of machines that do work in minutes, turning out refrigerators,

shoes, stoves, sweaters, all the same. But are those things beautiful? I may have never known what it was to enjoy, but do you? Splashy colors daubed on a canvas, loud sounds that hurt the ear, disjointed swirling bodies that hurt the eye...this is what I've heard about. Is this what you call enjoyment?

Now I want to find out for myself all about the enemies of the beings you've sent me. I want to learn what happened to Beauty, what happened in your sphere that I'm having so many problems I never had before with creatures I've never heard of before. So I am going on an expedition. I'll need your help. When I ask for it, won't you please answer me?

ENEMY VANQUISHED:

cried out and the Minutemen formed lines. The British removed to the woods and soon the entire troop emerged, backed by a band of Scotch pipers.

The skirmish was vigorous but brief. Gunsmoke clouded the field obscuring the action which was illuminated now and then as the guns went off with a flash. Flags waved among drifting clouds of acrid white as lines of men moved into position, and the crash of musketry blended with the skirl of pipes. Soon cheering replaced the din of battle and as the smoke cleared, it became apparent that a speedy truce had been formed, for the two armies were cheerfully marching off the field, to the sound of the bagpipes together.

We are glad to report that relations are once more established between Great Britain and the Colonies.

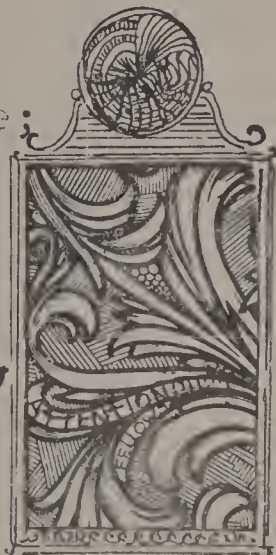
Marilynne Roach

ATTENTION!!!

APATHY and the BASKETBALL team Do exist.
cause; lack of student support
and faculty interest.
solution; freshmen?

p.s. next game November 30
(with cheerleaders)

the lone senior



a true endeavor

During the past few years we have been involved in a new "art movement". The importance of this movement is almost too great to express in words, as we quickly find upon questioning ourselves as to what is the meaning of our work. We answer, "It is too deep for our feeble minds to possibly comprehend."

We must allow ourselves to become totally engulfed by the "art form world". As its huge hand takes a firm grasp on us, we will feel the urge and the power to explore the formerly meaningless and forgotten incidentals of our environment, and create an art form of meaning to all!

Until last year I was not a true artist. I believed in an expanded academic study of art, with emphasis on drawing, especially of the human figure and anatomy. But I find that if I want to make a dollar in today's "art-minded" world, I have to appeal to the people who are going to employ me or buy my work to display in their homes. YES!. To my surprise all those seventy-year-old ladies of English or any other European descent have suddenly become art conscious. Well, so have I! Thank God. I should like to tell you about my first endeavor to have my soul and body become involved with our "new art form".

It was a crisp fall day and I was driving along one of our wellknown freeways, trying to ignore the traditional and out-moded landscape which artists used to paint, such as the rolling green fields of grass. The landscape was spotted here and there with an occasional tree which the sun had changed to several brilliant colors and a stone wall with a small girl skipping along it. Well, it's too terrible to talk about WHAT TRASH!!

Being an artist, extra funds are hard to come by. However I managed to save enough in eleven years to buy myself an automonile. What a fine car! It ran perfectly. I cleaned and polished this automobile once a week. I was proud of its appearance.

As I was driving along an idea suddenly struck me. Why hadn't I thought of this before? Or was I thinking of it at all: it seemed as if an uncontrollable force was calling me to the deep mysterious

art world. In what other way could I become totally involved with the creation of an art form than to be created alongside of it! At that instant the "art movement" caused me to veer my vehicle quickly to the right, smashing into a bridge abutment. This is the quick, spontaneous and direct approach. What more could you ask for?

As soon as I regained consciousness I scrambled from my newly created "objet d'art" to inspect the accidental effects I had employed. This was great. My beautiful car was gone but this was a small sacrifice in the eyes of art. I lifted my eyes from the truly unique sculpture and suddenly realized that another piece of genius had been created. The crash had caused some interesting patterns to appear on the bridge abutment. "Oh, good Lord, this is magnificent art! It will never cease to be!"

ENEMY VANQUISHED

Although few residents of Mass. know it, they were saved from a sneak attack by the redcoats last September. It seemed that the local militia companies were mustering peaceably in a Carlisle cornfield for the first time since the eighteenth century on Saturday the 24th.

Spirits were high under the Pine Tree Flag as the various companies exhibited their various militia prowess by target shooting with muskets and by tomahawk throwing. Musket balls whizzed and hatchets chunked into wooden stakes as judges tallied the scores and fife and drum bands marched and played across the stubby field.

A Charlestown group, formed a few short weeks before, initiated themselves by walking from Charlestown to Carlisle, a trek which took from 8:00 A.M. to 3:15 P.M. As a sort of reward, their footsore captain got to shinny up the Liberty Pole to cap it.

At about this time a scout ran up to report that the redcoats were hiding in the woods along one side of the field. Their general and his aid came forth to parley with the militia leaders and with threatening gestures demanded that the Traitorous Liberty Pole be removed, forthwith. "Redcoat brutality!" was

(continued on page 11)

David Berger



Richard DiMatteo
4" X 6"



Dan Jarvis
4" X 5"

it
 is a day for smelling
 the sky too close to touch
 the blue too far away to see
 (past white petaled blossoms
 yellow green in the thunder air...
 taste the heat) small it,
 run the wind thru your fingers,
 feel the rain, hold it
 (the dark wind shakes down
 cherry blossoms, and the rain
 washes too-hot air)
 (summer rain is too warm...
 In rainclouds, there are only
 summer and winter)

John Dick

i feel so alone like a mother-less
 child
 so far from home
 i cry when i remember how she once
 smiled
 and how i once loved her

i had to leave her or forever be a
 child
 but i'll always remember
 the way i once loved her
 and the way that she smiled

Jeff Smyth

There was a time when I hated sleep
 Afraid that in sleeping
 Afraid that in closing my eyes
 I would miss seeing you
 Brushing your hair from your face
 Or smile at a dream of gremlins
 Hiding beneath blades of grass.

But now
 With only my off-tune humming to
 listen to
 And only myself to see in darkened
 shop windows
 I look forward to the night
 The time for dreaming.

Mat Anantonio

joy of creation
 beauty of life's mystery
 stifled by living.

jeff smyth

Your right eye has a defect.
 But I am blind...
 Because you are afraid to see.

Patricia Hogan

the smiles inside pour out
 like little-girls' laughs
 like helium balloons at the zoo.
 my eyes are sparkling for
 everyone and no one
 like blinking lights
 saying hello to the sky
 but feet keep dancing
 and then stand still
 with toes pointed in-
 embarassed and mischievous,
 deciding where to run next.

Arlene Pearlstein

Ecstasy- a matter of the mind-
 Comes when joy has burst the
 heart-

Depression- a shriveled soul-
 an endless existence without
 hope-

the infinity of a second-
 Sometimes, when the heart
 is so full of joy that one
 is existing in the same time
 as love, one gets ecstatic to the
 point of depression.

Judy Dandor

I am become as a seed
 that slipped through a hole
 in my sower's sack.

I am mashed to the earth
 by his uncaring feet.

He watered me with a meager drop
 and dared me to grow
 in the bitter crust.

I sprang fresh and green
 but with no root so I withered
 in the heat of the noon-day sun.

I am withered and brown,
 awaiting harvest. Then will I be
 gathered with the tares
 to be burned.

Jeff Smyth

Why depression?
 It's a matter of one's ego
 being too immense
 to let others satisfy its desires.

Judy Dandor





Ice,
Cold white streams of
stunted growthwater.
Alive!

Judy Dandor

what to do and be
what to think and act and say
while still being me.

jeff smyth

Many find it hard to love
Me.

I ask no questions and believe in
all I find

And loving comes easy.

Mat Anantonio

I feel a discontent
A summer sickness
the thought of a bad fall.

Judy Dandor

many rushing thoughts
rushing, rushing through my head
rushing to be dead.

jeff smyth

Heart why quiver so?
Is lost love quite as sad
As lost friendship?

Judy Dandor

oh fleeting fleeting
joys slippery through my fingers
melting like snow

Jeff Smyth

See them
They're the same wherever you go
Children, peanuts and pigeons

Mat Anantonio

Choking frustrations
the bitter cost of wasted
Creativity

Jeff Smyth

what is love
what is life
more than sadness
more than strife

what is love
more than life
what is sadness
more than strife

jeff smyth

i want a baby named david
and a husband called mine
and a big old house with
many rooms to laugh in
with windows to see trees
made of willow leaves
and balloons.

Arlene Pearlstein



OCTRD

Blessed are they who die in the Lord

The Massachusetts College of
Art Library has added over 1,000
new books to their shelves, in the
last six months. It is an unusually
good library of which we should all
be proud. Our librarians are of the
finest caliber and are there to
assist us. So let's give them our
co-operation and show our gratitude
for a job well worth doing.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NEW BOOKS
Japanese Temples

sculpture, paintings, gardens and
architecture 1964

J. Edward Kidder, Jr.

Masters of German Posters

Hellmut Rademaker

1966

Jan Van Eyck

The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb
with wood prints 1964

Valentin Denis

The Great Age of Sail

Ed- Joseph Jobe

Trans- Michael Kelly

Prints-Edita Lousanne

1967

Visual Perception

The effect of pictures on the
subconscious 1961

Stephen Baker

Objective Drawing Techniques

New approaches to perspective and
intuitive space 1966

Calvin Burnett

Julius Bissier

Brush drawings

1966

Dora Vallier

Marc Chagall

Monotypes 1961-1965

1966

Gerald Cramer

The Berenson Collection

Nickey Marioni

1963

A concise Dictionary of Existentialism

Ed-Ralph Winn 1960

The Quest for Identity

The decline of the superego and
what is happening to American character
as a result 1958

Allen Whells

The Poppy and Other Deadly Plants

Esther Boskin 1967

BOUND CATALOGUES OF EXHIBITS

Miguel Berrocal

1965

Thomas Gallery-Munchen

Oyvind Falhlstrom

1967

Sidney Janis Gallery-N.Y.

An artist is a man who makes life visible.

WHEN THE READER SPEAKS INTAGLIO LISTENS

"There is always room for improvement" is an oft-used phrase and although we are lacking in space we have a surplus when it comes to verbalizing.

After taking a mini-survey we plied these suggestions from a random sample of students. They cover everything from abandoning the ship of state to pirating the good ship Lollipop across the street. Here we go:

Paper towel dispensers in studios
More pencil sharpeners
Standardized prices at the store
Smoking in the classrooms
Pass-Fail grades in certain courses
A hot and cold water fountain that works

Complete relaxation of the dress code

UNLIMITED CUTS

Two SAREPs from each division obligated to attend every meeting
No red tape field trip applications
Less faculty apathy
Greater respect for the students' rights
The opportunity to elect a minor in education
Open studios after hours
A Theater course
Majors and minors within a field
example: Illustration & Painting
Illustration & Fashion
An electrical outlet in every room

These are goals of some of the students. Some may be obtained. If you would like to contribute your opinions submit your complaints to the Intaglio staff.

Susan Dosick

Gripe of the Month

NO TIME!!!!!!

Being and Nothingness - Sartre

"Time separates me from myself, from what I wish to be, from what I wish to do, from things, from others."



larry kirby

Man is not good. I must punish myself for my false pride.